

Rock and A Hard Place

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by [mimsismean](#)

Summary

Dream and George have years of tip-toeing around each other online to make up for when George comes to visit. Sapnap is caught in the crossfire.

Notes

Why have third wheel Sapnap, Dream and George have two hands. Enjoy~~

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It starts almost immediately with George's arrival in the states, and in the beginning, Sapnap finds it easily the most entertaining experience of his life. Having known Dream for almost half his life, Sapnap is familiar with most of his mannerisms, but the blushing, stuttering, besotted idiot who has suddenly replaced his best friend could almost be considered unrecognizable. Sapnap knows that both he and Dream took a little while to adjust after moving in together, but their cautious movements, careful quiet and considerate cleanliness had nothing on this *tension*.

He's the one who spots George first, bending under the weight of his enormous suitcase next to baggage claim.

The hug he yanks George into pulls his feet off the floor for a moment, but even that enthusiasm pales in comparison to Dream's greeting. Sapnap has stepped back to pull the suitcase out of the current of travelers to avoid it jostling, and turns in time to see his friends embrace. He can just barely make out the Dream smile on George's hoodie, most of it crushed by Dream's broader frame. George is on his toes, Dream bent over slightly so they can meet in the middle.

The face masks cover whatever emotion might be otherwise on display, but Sapnap can still see the way Dream's eyes try to absorb whatever detail they can reach where he's draped over George's shoulder, which is limited to the curve of an ear, softly overgrown hair, and the way his own arms must look dwarfing George's waist. It's almost straight out of a 2000s rom-com. Sapnap tries not to laugh too loudly, but the sound is still enough to shake them out of their reverie.

George lingers, hands holding loosely to the cuffs of Dream's jacket, eyes locked on the sliver of his face that is visible. Sapnap imagines he's probably trying to reconcile it with whatever bits and pieces he's put together from Dream's cagey snapchats and facetimes. Even amongst friends, Dream wasn't crazy about sending pictures of his face, and before they lived together Sapnap usually only saw a hint of a jawline here and a raised eyebrow at the corner of the screen there. Most facetimes were a white block of ceiling, the edge of a fan twisting in frame. Although they pull apart quickly after, Sapnap still refuses to relinquish his custody of the suitcase, carrying it so he can more easily step in line behind them as everyone heads back to the car, watching the way their hands brush with every step.

George keeps sneaking glances from the corner of his eyes. It's disgustingly obvious that their online play-flirting was far from the extent of their feelings, and Sapnap tries to keep the amusement off his face, positive that they'll cave and admit it soon enough.

It's, of course, a misjudgement on his part, but that's not immediately obvious. After George is all moved in and unpacked things take a while to get into a routine. The house they're living in isn't enormous, just the three rooms for each of them and a nicely fenced in backyard on the off chance any of them feel like going outside for once.

Sapnap usually leaves his door open so that Dream can wander in throughout the day in between streaming or filming, and firmly locks it whenever his facecam is on. He helps George set up his room once all the monitors are delivered, along with Dream, who insists on carrying anything heavier than a backpack up the stairs himself in some kind of caveman-ish courtship ritual.

Most of the time all three of them are together is spent in Sapnap's room, which is by far the coziest set up. George's room is predictably spartan, having only arrived a couple days ago, and Dream is a closeted neat-freak who gets twitchy if his things get all moved around. Sapnap had been too lazy to get a bed frame or a box spring, so his mattress lies accessibly on the ground with a couple of throw blankets and pillows overflowing off its surface. There's a soft rug covering most of the floor and an old beanbag from his room back home that makes it easy enough for all three of them to find somewhere to crash, even though they usually just end up squeezing precariously onto the bed.

George slips into their dynamic seamlessly once the jetlag wears off, and it's refreshing to have everyone in the same timezone for joint streams. They get into a pretty solid routine, ending most nights in the dim lights of Sapnap's room after they've finished streaming or coding.

Sapnap's always been pretty tactile, one of the reasons he and Karl got along so well in person. George is prickly about cuddling, but it doesn't take long to figure out ways around his defensiveness over touch. It's easy enough to corner him while he's exhausted from filming or coding, bribe him to the bed with soda and sweets and watch him fold. As long as Sapnap didn't

make a big deal out of it, George would allow an arm around his shoulders while they shared a blanket, throwing out ideas for future videos together or sometimes just dozing off while Sapnap played a show on his laptop. And while this is entertainment enough, watching George's cheeks stain pink and grumble about the heat while simultaneously refusing to remove his hoodie, the best part is watching Dream trying to navigate his own snuggling strategy.

George is too hyper aware of Dream's presence for Sapnap's not so subtle bribing and affection. Instead he usually waits for Sapnap and George to be well and drowsy before scooting closer as unnoticeably as he can manage.

Sometimes, and Sapnap shyly covets these moments, George is pressed up too close to the wall or his legs are curled to his side, and Dream will detour to Sapnap's own side where there's more room. He's bolder on these occasions, not worried about scaring Sapnap off like he is George, and simply lifts the blanket to scoot under in a well-established routine. Sapnap gets the privilege of drifting in and out of sleep with a friend cozied up to either of his shoulders, soft hair tickling his neck while the two lovestruck idiots shoot glances at each other around him.

Tonight, the bed dips slightly on George's end, and Sapnap can feel the pattern of his breathing change where his cheek is pressed against Sapnap's shoulder. It's kind of funny, the cautiousness Dream tries to use, and its absolute failure on George, who is so attuned to his presence that the discretion is just another part of this song and dance between them.

George had been scrolling through tiktoks idly while Sapnap caught up on some anime, and Sapnap glances down when the audio from his phone starts looping. There's not much of a reaction he can see from this angle, but the back of his neck does look pinker than usual while Dream shifts closer. George blushes so easily that Sapnap figured Dream should know by now that his feelings were returned, but hey, he's just an observer. He inches closer at a glacial pace, and Sapnap watches George's thumb stall on his screen when Dream is finally close enough to be pressed all along his side. It's such a delicate operation that Sapnap realizes he's been so occupied with watching their movements he's completely lost track of the show he was watching.

It occurs to him that he should maybe feel like more of a third wheel at times like this, feel a little excluded for being used as an emotional or physical buffer. But George's free hand squeezes where it's wrapped around his bicep, just as Dream wraps an arm around his shoulders. George is tiny enough that Dream's arm overshoots slightly, and knuckles brush the nape of Sapnap's neck. Sapnap smiles at the laptop when they make no move to pull away. George has gone back to scrolling, breathing evened out again. And then they're all wrapped together again, a closed circuit under the insulation of Sapnap's blankets.

He wonders if his bed will smell familiarly like Dream tonight; sunblock and coconut conditioner, or if George's new scent will take its place. He hasn't had as much cuddling time to get used to it, but sometimes the faintest hint of George's cologne lingers on his hoodie after George has left for the night. He can't exactly describe the scent, and he hadn't even expected George to be the kind of guy that bothers wearing cologne, the kind of detail you can only learn about someone in person. It makes him wonder what other idiosyncrasies he can discover, what other details had been filtered out by the distance of an ocean and the parameters of a webcam.

He shuts his laptop quietly, shifting onto his side and resting his chin on top of George's head. Dream's hand moves with him, scratching the short hairs at the back of his neck in a way that makes him want to melt into a puddle and never move. He's facing them both now, and can see where Dream's hand has snuck around George's waist, pressing against his stomach through the thick fabric of his sweatshirt.

One of his wide, tanned hands easily spans the width of George's thin midsection and Sapnap can't tear tired eyes away from the sight. His mind wanders unexpectedly as he watches; it would be so simple to grab one of George's knees from where his legs are curled up and sling it over his hips. Press *closer* until Dream's hand is pinned between them, until all three of them are pressed together in one inseparable line. He wants to breathe into the flushed skin of George's collar, spread his hands across Dream's shoulder blades and pull both of them against his chest. He wants to wake up in sheets that smell like both of them.

Sapnap swallows dryly, and looks up from Dream's hand only to meet his eyes. He looks more awake than Sapnap feels, and Sapnap suddenly hopes his thoughts hadn't been showing too damnably through his expression. Dream doesn't react either way, aside from relaxing even further into the curve of George's back, his hand continuing to rub the knobs of Sapnap's spine where it sits on the back of his neck. Sapnap closes his eyes and hopes it's one of the rare occasions that everyone stays the night.

The extent of his housemates' flirting doesn't stop there, naturally. It quickly escalates from tentative touch and sweet, stuttered, small-talk into decidedly less wholesome territory. What had been an entertaining display of his two idiot housemates' pathetic lovesickness quickly became a new form of torture.

Sapnap knows his friends are objectively gorgeous. It seems like every month a new screenshot of George with his hair falling across his forehead gets trending amongst their fans. Dream had jokingly called it "pretty privilege" that one time on stream, but Sapnap doesn't necessarily think he has any room to talk. Dream isn't *that* much taller than him and George, but combined with the overgrown golden hair, the innocently green eyes and the relaxed smile, Sapnap has found himself staring more than once.

The combination of them, orbiting around each other but refusing to act on a clearly mutual attraction, plays out in front of him nearly every day. He tries to limit any thoughts like he'd had that first night, but it's nigh impossible watching the game of will they, won't they. Dream has gained a fraction of confidence, and is more free with his touch, wrapping George in back hugs spontaneously, purposely messing up George's hair before a stream so it sits ruffled across his forehead and then offering to fix it so he can sidle in closer, run fingers through dark strands while George stares at him through his lashes and reduces him back to a flushed mess.

But if Dream is more confident, George is twice as bad. He's more observant, knows exactly how to frustrate Dream (and inadvertently, Sapnap) to breaking points. Sapnap almost regrets his room being the designated hang-out, because invariably the moment both Dream and George are present the atmosphere thickens.

"Like this?" Dream leans back in Sapnap's computer chair, letting George and him glance consideringly at the screen. They'd finished all the important shit for today, filmed and streamed, and all that was left were the details for uploads. The thumbnail on the screen was for the video they'd recorded. George squints, leaning forward on the beanbag chair.

"Move it a little left," George orders, and Dream complies, shifting something on the screen. Sapnap didn't have much of an artistic eye, generally left the others to figure out what was most eye-catching. Dream looks back to them again, raising an eyebrow in question, and George hums unhappily.

"Right again?" Dream throws his head back and groans in exhaustion. They'd been at this for a while now, Dream fiddling with backgrounds and icons and George pouting unsatisfied at each option.

“Why don’t you come figure it out yourself then already?” George sighs heavily at the idea, clearly too lazy to walk the five feet over to the computer desk.

“You want me to upload it like this then?” Dream threatens easily. Sapnap laughs quietly, both of them obviously too perfectionist to allow anything like that. The condensation on his coke can runs down his wrist, air conditioning doing little to relieve Floridian summer heat. George gets up reluctantly to take a look, leaning over the desk next to where Dream sits in the chair. He makes a few adjustments while Dream scoots back, giving him room to work.

Sapnap presses the coke can to his temple, wondering if the exertion of getting up from his bed to close the blinds outweighs the annoyance of the setting sun irritating his eyes, and eventually deciding that it doesn’t. He goes back to watching the progress on the screen and is distracted by the way Dream has slumped down in his chair. The sunlight makes his blonde hair look more perfect than usual, the long line of his neck tilted back, Adam’s apple prominent and leading down to the stretched out collar of his t-shirt, displaying the edges of sharp collarbones.

He’s so distracted by the effortlessly gorgeous picture Dream makes that it takes a minute to recognize the look in narrowed eyes. Dream is staring at George, which is far from unusual, but his expression is mischievous, fingers tapping at the armrests while he ignores whatever corrections George makes. Sapnap holds his breath.

It happens quickly, smoother than Dream can usually ever manage to be. He rolls the chair forward again, leaning in behind George to make a comment about something’s alignment in the thumbnail. George hums in agreement, but as Dream slumps back into the chair, he wraps his arms around George’s waist to pull him down with him.

“Dream!” George’s voice is shrill, and Sapnap can only see the back of the chair, but he assumes George tries to extricate himself as it rocks unsteadily for a moment. It doesn’t seem to lead anywhere, and Dream makes an inquisitive noise, playing coy.

“Something wrong?” Sapnap wants desperately to see the expression on his normally flustered face. George stops trying to stand up but grumbles nonetheless.

“Too hot for this shit,” He huffs, but makes no further complaints, unusually compliant.

They continue that way as the thumbnail gets edited. Sapnap can’t see much of them or the screen, just the barest edge of Dream’s hand where it’s holding the armrest with white knuckles. He can see Dream’s feet on the floor, George’s socked feet hanging in between, toes barely reaching the ground. They keep working that way, only a couple more comments about what would look best before calling it a day just as the sun dips low enough to finally stop irritating Sapnap’s eyes. He sighs in relief, only to choke on the breath as Dream calls out.

“What do you think?” He’s spun the chair around. One hand stays on the armrest, the other gripping George’s hip. George’s shirt has ridden up in the heat and Dream’s thumb rests on a strip of bare skin. George is relaxed in Dream’s lap, legs splayed shamelessly wide over one of Dream’s thick thighs. His shorts end just above his knees, one leg rolled further up to show the soft skin of his lower thigh. Sapnap looks back at Dream, who has hooked his chin over George’s shoulder. His other arm slides off the armrest and wraps around George’s middle to support him easier. George is so much smaller, is pulled closer effortlessly. Dream’s forearm is so thick compared to George’s thin limbs, pulls the fabric of his shirt just a millimeter higher.

“What do I think...?” Sapnap mumbles. The coke can moves from his forehead to his neck. It’s not as cold as before, barely makes a dent in the way his blood is suddenly boiling.

“The thumbnail,” It’s George who reminds him, head tilting and voice too innocent. It still takes him a minute to register the words, mind replaying the motion of George’s lips around the word, the flash of his tongue and sharp, white, teeth. His eyes move sluggishly to the computer screen. The angle he’s laying at doesn’t let him see whatever alterations they’ve made, a glare across the photoshop window.

“Looks good,” he croaks.

“I think so too,” Dream agrees, one hand leaving George for the briefest of moments to save and quit.

George sighs, stretching his arms above his head languidly and letting stiff joints pop. Sapnap and Dream stop breathing at approximately the same moment. George’s skin is coated in a thin layer of sweat, painted orange by sunset. His toes curl in his socks while he stretches and Sapnap rolls onto his stomach quickly. He can feel his pulse pounding at his neck, the fabric of his shirt suddenly unbearably heavy. Dream lets the hand at George’s hip trail down, massaging at the thickest part of his thigh, playing with the hem of those shorts, tugging it up and down.

It doesn’t stop there, and Sapnap is equally entranced by the thick, tan, fingers and veined forearms as he is the smooth, pale, leg they’re touching. No one is saying anything. Sapnap can’t tear away his eyes to dare check if anyone is paying attention to his scrutiny. Dream’s hand makes it all the way down to George’s knee. It lingers there for a second before tugging outward, pulling George’s leg further open. He replaces his hand back at George’s hip casually, as if he hadn’t just melted whatever was left of Sapnap’s brain.

He breathes steadily, listening to the hum of the computer, and forces himself to blink. He glances up nervously, and is relieved to find no one observing his *own* observing. They’re both pretty occupied with each other, understandably. George has tilted back his head to look at Dream, and the eye contact they share is so intense Sapnap actually has to avert his own eyes. George’s hand slides down to cover Dream’s, wrapping around his wrist with long, thin fingers. Sapnap can’t tell if the hold is restraining or guiding. Neither of them move to indicate.

Sapnap feels abruptly out of place. It’s his own room, and there isn’t any way to make a subtle exit regardless from where he’s laid out directly in front of them. Not to mention he’s more than slightly hard in his own shorts, unwilling to leave the mattress and display exactly how much of a voyeur he’s become these past few weeks.

He’s pathetically saved by the sounds of Patches knocking something glass off the dining room table. They all startle appropriately at the noise, glancing at each other and pretending that the room’s temperature hadn’t risen by degrees in the past minute. Dream clears his throat, but his voice still comes out hoarse.

“I’ll go see what she did,” he mumbles. George slides carefully off the chair first.

“Er, me too,” George says, “g’nite Sap”

Sapnap grunts an equally unfitting five pm goodnight and they’re out the door, closing it gently behind them.

He grabs a pillow from beside himself and attempts to smother himself in the cool side. It smells like coconut and fragrance. He buries his hand in his shorts shamefully.

Thankfully, they seem to get their act together shortly after. Sapnap never sees anything to

explicitly prove they've both cottoned onto each other's feelings, but they spend a lot more time in George's room. Their subtle touches are less testing and more comfortable, practiced. He can tell something is changed, even if no one is forthcoming with any kind of label.

Even after they leave his room separately at night, he can hear their voices quietly pick back up in George's room later. He curses himself in between wondering what exactly goes on when their voices trail off into silences. This infatuation was reasonable when they were both unsure, using him as some kind of stability while they tested the waters around him. But they're not pushing any kind of PDA on him right now. They're in George's room, in George's bed, wrapped around each other just like that day.

He can't excuse it. There's no reason why he should be so invested in their not-relationship. No reason why he's suddenly back to no facecams because he can't handle their voices in his ears, flirting exactly as they always had. It's pathetic. The change leaves him distraught in other ways. He's suddenly lonely, spending less time in the living room and kitchen, streaming as usual but without their usual post-stream hangouts. There's no more chatting to relieve the stress, tossing around ridiculous ideas for plugins while they share touches on just the right side of thrilling.

Sapnap rolls over in his bed. He'd spent practically the whole day in his room and the sheets are twisted and crushed underneath him. His pillow is too warm and the room is too dark. Dream and George hadn't stopped by his room today, and the day had bled into night without the usual drag of exhaustion.

Dream and George's voices had been quietly bleeding through the shared wall for about an hour. The noise wasn't keeping him awake, but he wishes they'd be a little less considerate, talk a little louder to ease the loneliness of a particularly boring day. There's no sign of that happening though, so Sapnap hesitates before shoving his pillows off the bed. It leaves him with clear access to the wall. He scoots closer as quietly as he can manage. The drywall is cool against his skin, and he presses his ear flush to the surface.

Their voices are suddenly more defined. He can't make out words, but the familiar low cadence of Dream's voice greets him first, followed by George's quiet words. Their conversation eases the uncomfortable abandoned feeling that's been lingering in his chest all day. It's a little questionable, kind of creepy, but Sapnap is too tired to police his own behavior for now, will leave that task for morning Sapnap.

He's curled up a little uncomfortably, but still manages to close his eyes and keep his head propped up against the wall as he drifts off. He's almost completely out when the voices stop. He frowns, but glances resignedly at the clock. Three am is probably late enough for all of them, but he wishes they'd keep talking for just a little longer, ease him to sleep and put him out of his misery. The insomniac discomfort is already returning. Sapnap is about to move fruitlessly to find a better position when he hears it.

George's bed actually has a box spring and all the other adult outittings. It creaks once, and Sapnap freezes with his ear pressed flush to the paint. Again.

It could be nothing. Dream could be getting up to leave. They could be laying down for the night. Another squeak. Sapnap wets his lips as he listens.

There, over the sound of the springs squeak is Dream's voice. Barely audible, lower even than usual. George sounds up next, something sweet and high. The squeaking noises adopt a regular rhythmic pattern. There's no explaining it away, and with that confirmation Sapnap should by all means remove his ear from the wall, grab some headphones and get to sleep while he can.

But the wall bangs louder than before, a dull smack that sounds nothing like the headboard banging, and Sapnap only has to close his eyes to imagine George's arm catching the wall by accident as he writhes on the bed. It's hopeless past that. There's a brief, too-quiet silence as everyone in the house holds their breath, before some faint laughter and the return of the squeaking.

Sapnap doesn't even try to resist. He's already pressing wet and hard against the front of his boxers. He slides a hand down to press down roughly and lets his mind fill in the blanks of the noises next door.

George sounds whiny and high pitched, which he can't say is unexpected. Dream's voice is too low to make much noise. Sapnap wonders if Dream is holding George down, shushing him inbetween touches, or quieting him more easily with the press of thick fingers on his tongue, stuffing his mouth silent and whispering promises of more. George would glare indignantly, flush high on his cheeks the way it always looks when he's angry.

Or, and Sapnap speeds up his own hand as the noises briefly crescendo in volume, is George on top? Is he straddling Dream, thighs spread wide around his hips, palms pressed flat to Dream's chest. It's almost too much to imagine, his toothy smile, guiding Dream's hands exactly where he wants them, grinding down and testing both their patience. Are they still wearing clothes? Sweaty and stifled, hands gripping cotton with enough force to tear. George's shorts would have ridden all the way up his thighs. Sapnap's leg is plastered to the wall with sweat.

He lets himself make a little noise, nothing noticeable over the ruckus next door. His staggered breaths mix with George's whines and Dream's groans. He wants to hear them up close, wants to crawl onto bed behind George and look down at Dream. Shove up his shirt and watch the flex of his abs as he thrusts up in frustration. George would bruise so easily, Sapnap would lick the sweat off his neck, bite his collarbones and scratch at his hip bones, press them forward and down. Let George kiss Dream while he grinds his cock down on him, controls both their paces.

He's pushed his boxers down now, gripping his cock. It's so wet, the noises slick and obscene in his room. He wants to feel Dream groan around it, push his hips flat against the mattress and take it all, perfect mouth stretched wide. The noises are loud enough that Sapnap can pull his ear off the wall to grip himself easier. They're faster now, and Sapnap paces himself with every squeak of the bed frame, trying to keep from spilling too early. Dream comes first, he thinks. His voice cuts off abruptly, then quietly curses something. Sapnap digs his thumb into the slit, uses his other hand to pull at his own hair, curling his toes at the feeling as George muffles his cries into a pillow and comes loudly, finishing both himself and Sapnap off.

He barely stays awake long enough to wipe the cum off his hand with a tissue, heart rate gradually calming down as he finds a comfortable position for the first time all night and passes the fuck out.

It's not something he makes a habit of. Sapnap knows they're still having sex, it's not that. George, as best as he might try to cover them, often has a couple hickeys just along the edge of his collar, and takes to wearing only specific, high-necked hoodies when he streams. Sapnap often walks out of his room in the morning at the same time as Dream leaves George's. They don't talk about it. It's pretty clear what's going on, but Sapnap's not gonna pressure them into talking before anyone's ready. So he digs out his most noise cancelling headphones and grabs some melatonin to keep at his bedside to knock him out on occasion.

Trying to be less of a creep doesn't mean his feelings have actually gone anywhere though. Try as he might, Sapnap still relishes the moments when all three of them curl up on his bed. He covets the feeling of George's thin shoulders held in the cage of his arms, Dream's breath tracing the

curve of his ear and fingers raking through his hair. There's nothing he can do to take it any further though, and he's stuck in a torturous limbo for a couple of weeks before something gives.

It's not often that Dream and George fight. Sure, they bicker like an old married couple, but never for longer than a day, and never about anything significant, which makes this sudden conflict uncharted territory. He figures it isn't anything too vitriolic. They're still coexisting, throwing some verbal barbs back and forth but behaving for the fans when on stream.

Sapnap finds that things almost go back to the feeling of the early days, where they couldn't be around each other without him to ease the way. There's no more noises from George's room, and the three of them congregate in Sapnap's room more often again. Whatever they fought about isn't enough to keep them out of the same room, but it is enough to exile one of them to the beanbag chair without fail every night. Gone are the three person dogpiles, but Sapnap consoles himself. At least he's getting more attention than before. They're on day four of the stalemate when it comes to a head. It's George who's claimed the spot on the bed tonight, and Dream makes a show of stomping unhappily to the beanbag chair, where his too-large frame folds into the fabric a little ridiculously. It's the second day in a row George has managed to snag the spot first, and it's clear the Dream is debating whether or not to bring it up in fear of sounding childish. George doesn't give him a chance.

George is backed in by the wall, Sapnap in front of him with his laptop out. He's watching Boku no Hero with little attention. George props himself up on an elbow and peeks over Sapnap's shoulder at the screen, the first red flag. George has no interest in anime, and has often complained about Sapnap's picks for entertainment. He doesn't make any arguments now, however, just reaches out one arm to point at a character. It brings him closer to Sapnap, his chin nestled in the crook of Sapnap's neck, arm brushing his shoulder.

"Who's that?" He asks quietly. His voice is so close to Sapnap's ear, soft and gentle and something that Sapnap has gotten off to the thought of more than once. He glances from the screen, to George's pretty hand, to Dream's piercing gaze directly across from them. The scent of fancy cologne fogs his mind.

"Um, that's H-Hawks?" He answers uncertainly, voice cracking embarrassingly. George hums consideringly. Sapnap can't see the expression on his face, and settles for flickering his eyes from the screen to Dream. George's hand falls from the screen and settles around Sapnap's waist. It's not completely unprecedented, but it is rare that George takes the lead when it comes to cuddling. He grabs Sapnap's hand and plays lightly with Sapnap's fingers while they watch the show.

Sapnap has been craving this kind of gentle touch for weeks, and sighs into the attention, letting his head rest more fully on the pillow. Dream's eyes follow him down, hands twisting and turning his phone in agitation. George coos at him.

"Aw, are you tired, Sappy?" Sapnap blushes, unused to bearing the full weight of George's teasing.

"Shut up," he complains, one hand covering his face while George giggles above him, "Just a little," He admits.

George keeps playing with his fingers and they let the anime play out like background noise. His nails scratch lightly at the skin, so neatly manicured and long. He massages at the knuckles carefully, presses a thumb to the center of his palm to knead at it lightly, and moves up his arm.

The sleeve of his sweatshirt is fiddled with playfully before George starts folding it up, rolling the fabric to expose the skin of his forearm until it can stretch no further. He examines this as well, running the edges of his nails up and down the length of skin until goosebumps appear at the

sensation. Sapnap carefully shifts the hand covering his eyes and finds Dream already looking at him.

The heat on his face intensifies. What is George doing right now? He can't find it in himself to shake off the touches and leave this fight between the two of them where it belongs. George is pressed so sweetly against his back. He nudges a thigh in between Sapnap's legs to snuggle closer, and Sapnap regrets not throwing a blanket over them earlier, because Dream's eyes track the movement keenly.

"You're not watching your show?" Sapnap tilts his head back to the screen at George's teasing but it isn't enough to spare him the ridicule.

"Maybe you're more than *a little* tired if you can't pay attention?" George's hand glides up over his bicep and across his chest where he hooks two fingers into the collar of his loose sweatshirt, "Unless something else is distracting you?"

His fingers brush against Sapnap's collarbones and the tendon in his neck. He swallows, and immediately feels embarrassed, as there was no way George had missed the nervous tic. The neck of the hoodie is already stretched wide with age, and Sapnap's breath hitches as his entire palm slips inside the hem and presses into the crook of his neck.

"Your heart is beating so *fast*, baby," he mocks, and Sapnap squeezes his eyes shut to try to ignore the tidal wave of arousal the name incites in him.

"*George*," The hand on his neck stalls at Dream's warning, two fingers trapped over his thundering pulse. He opens his eyes a sliver, and shivers at the look Dream is leveling at George. He's abandoned his phone and his hands are braced on his knees, knuckles pale with pressure. George is only cowed for a moment.

"Something wrong over there, Dreamie?" George has leaned his head in closer, not really sparing Dream a glance as he speaks, and his lips brush Sapnap's neck with every syllable. He's almost shivering, positive he's tenting in his sweats for Dream to see. Dream just glares at George, breathing measured and face thunderous.

George sighs, and startles a whine out of Sapnap when he kisses the hinge of his jaw ever so tenderly.

"Guess I'm not surprised Dream doesn't feel like communicating today," And with that George goes back to ignoring Dream's presence entirely. He nudges his thigh up in between Sapnap's legs and chuckles at the gasp it forces out of him.

"Guess you aren't so tired after all?" His hand finally moves from his pulse point, only to slip two fingers into Sapnap's mouth and press down on his tongue.

"Can you get these wet for me, baby?" He asks politely, and Sapnap doesn't consider saying no for even a moment, closing his lips around two perfect fingers, whining like a bitch while he licks around thin knuckles and sharp nails. He looks up, overwhelmed to see Dream has returned his attention to him, watching his boyfriend shove his fingers down his best friend's throat.

It makes his thighs rub together around George's leg restlessly, and Dream watches the movement with a barely audible groan.

"Good job," George praises, and *oh*. That's something he could definitely be into. Dream's hand grips himself through his sweats just as George takes his fingers out of Sapnap's mouth, a thin line

of spit dripping obscenely onto his chin.

He's caught between sensations, trying to figure out where to focus. Dream is touching himself slowly in front of them, George is now noticeably hard behind him, rocking into his back with gentle motions that jostle the thigh wedged between his legs frustratingly.

George takes his spit covered fingers and drags them under Sapnap's hoodie. He ghosts them over Sapnap's nipples, alternating between them, barely touching before rubbing with sudden purpose. Sapnap's back arches and he moans for real this time, loud and high. George laughs gleefully from behind him, biting into the thin skin of his neck gently. He keeps at it, watching Sapnap push his chest out into the touch and pinching and flicking until his skin feels painfully raw against the fabric of his hoodie. He cups Sapnap's face in his hand, soothing the overwhelmed tears that threaten to fall. His thumb traces Sapnap's mouth, and he moves his mouth up from where it's leaving a chain of lovebites on his neck to kiss sweetly at his cheekbone.

George's hand slips back down to the hickey, pinching and rubbing at the sore skin to her Sapnap whine. They're both watching Dream, whose glare hasn't softened at all, and Sapnap can feel George's impatience radiating off of him in waves.

"Are you wondering how Dream's hands would feel?" And yes, Sapnap *had* been watching the way Dream's hand gripped his cock through the fabric of his pants, strong and rough and perfect. George doesn't stop there, stage-whispering loud enough for the words to reach Dream.

"I bet they'd choke you just right if he'd get over here and stop being such a fucking *pussy* "

And that's the last fucking straw, because the words are barely out of George's filthy fucking mouth when Dream is standing in front of them. He shoves them both backward by pushing at Sapnap's shoulders, and George has barely enough time to extricate himself from around him to prevent being crushed underneath.

Dream keeps one hand on Sapnap's chest, a knee pressed between his thighs and just barely brushing his dick where it's trapped in his pants. He doesn't look at Sapnap, and instead fists his free hand in George's collar, pulling him in by the hoodie. Sapnap holds his breath, watching them glare at each other. George looks like he's about to say something again, but Sapnap can't even begin to imagine what it is before Dream takes his hand off Sapnap and slaps him across the face.

"Are you done being a brat yet, sweetheart?" George glares but keeps his mouth shut, cheekbone flushed pink where he was hit.

"Sit and stay," Dream warns him shortly, letting go of his hoodie. Sapnap freezes as the attention turns to him. Dream drags his eyes from the way Sapnap's lips are slick with spit, to the way his thighs shake, and curses lightly under his breath.

"You okay, baby?" And *holy shit* it's even hotter when Dream calls him that. He nods against the pillow, but Dream catches his chin in one broad hand.

"Words, please," Sapnap melts at the gentle request.

"I'm great," He chokes out, feeling suffocatingly hot in his clothes. Dream nods and runs a hand through his hair.

"Let me know if you wanna stop," He reminds, and Sapnap almost nods again before he remembers.

"I will,"

And with that he leans down, pressing their mouths together and conveying all of his frustration. Sapnap can feel George watching them from the side, but can only manage to focus on how Dream's tongue presses against his, the warm line of their bodies pressed together while he tries not to whine too loudly into the kiss. He traces Dream's strong jaw under one hand, feeling stubble against his palm. Dream pulls away with one last scrape of teeth against Sapnap's bottom lip.

Rough palms slide up his sweatshirt, so different from George's lithe hands. He raises his arms to let the fabric slide off and sighs in relief. Dream immediately zeros in on the thin red trails left by George's nails. They span the length of his chest vertically, and Sapnap squirms as Dream traces them with his own fingers, brushing a nipple as he does so. Dream shuffles back to reach Sapnap's waistband, making quick work of removing his sweatpants and boxers. While he's distracted, George sidles closer. Sapnap's breath catches as George's hand winds itself in his hair, tugging gently.

Dream slings one leg over shoulder, turning sideways to press biting kisses to the sensitive inner skin. Sapnap whines again, dick twitching where it lays on his stomach.

"P-Please, Dream, *anything* ," And Dream gives him a pleased look from between his thighs that sends him closing his eyes to avoid it. Dream takes his dick in his mouth and *god* is it better than any fantasy he's entertained the thought of. George is still tugging on his hair with just the right pressure, hand daring to curve back around the line of his neck now that Dream is occupied. Dream's hands grip his legs on just the right side of uncomfortable; he hopes there will be neat little bruises where each of his fingers held tomorrow. He's been so close to coming since George first opened his goddamn mouth, and he gasps as Dream traces a vein on the underside with his tongue.

"Gonna, Dream, gonna come, please," The mocking laugh that George presses against the shell of his ear gives him his answer before Dream even pulls off, denying him release. He whines desperately, hips bucking off the bed.

"Just a little longer, sweetheart," Dream promises, rubbing reassuring circles into his abdomen, right above the leaking head of his cock, "Wanna take my time with you,"

Sapnap tries to even out his breathing, tears of frustration welling in his eyes. Dream kisses his cheeks and soothes him with calm words until he's not about to come from the faintest touch. He presses one more searching kiss to Sapnap's mouth before turning his attention to George.

"Get down here you fucking *brat* ," and George, miraculously, doesn't hesitate before doing as he's told. Dream moves back so that George can sit in front of him, kneeling over Sapnap's legs.

He takes a moment to get rid of George's clothes with efficiency, and Sapnap feels his dick drool just looking at him, smooth skin peppered with old hickeys, legs so thin and long. One of Dream's arms wraps around his little waist and the other grips his throat, George's mouth dropping open in a moan when he squeezes.

"You're gonna finish the job, baby," He directs, and George nods obediently, "And if you get off before Sapnap, I'm not gonna let you come for a week, okay?" Sapnap and George moan in unison.

Dream presses down between George's shoulderblades until he's bent nearly in half, taking Sapnap's cock easily. Sapnap pulls at his own hair, the pleasure wrapped around his cock unbelievable for the second time this night. George feels different than Dream, more careful, more skilled with his tongue. Dream reaches a hand between George's thighs and strokes him, and Sapnap feels tears spill down his cheeks at the feeling of George moaning around his length.

Dream's hand comes down with a crack on George's ass and Sapnap whines when George squeezes around him like a vice.

"You're getting so wet, Georgie," Dream observed in a disinterested voice, "You sure you can stop from making a mess of yourself before Sapnap comes?" George's nails dig into Sapnap's hips, spit running down his cock obscenely. Dream shows no mercy, pausing only for a moment to shove his cock in between the slick mess of George's thighs, chasing his own release while he strokes him. Sapnap can see the wet tip poking through George's cute little thighs with every thrust, knocking punched out noises from his lips with every move.

Sapnap tightens the hand fisted in his hair and pants, every breath ending in a moan.

"Can I-Dreamie, *please* am I allowed to-"

"Of course, sweetheart," Dream reassures, "Come for us, baby"

Sapnap is pretty sure he almost blacks out for a moment. George keeps sucking dutifully at the head of his cock until he squirms from overstimulation and then pulls off, resting his head on Sapnap's thigh while he pants. Sapnap takes a moment to collect himself, the wet sounds of Dream jerking off George continuing, and then shuffles downward to wrap his own hand around Dream's.

"Come on Georgie, you felt so good," He mumbles lazily, "Come all over me," And George lets go with one last keening whine, spilling all over Sapnap's thighs. George shuffles up to lay across his chest, hands running idly over Sapnap's shoulders. Dream finishes into his hand only a moment later. The bed dips briefly while Dream moves to get up and Sapnap presses a gentle kiss to George's lips while he tries to regain feeling in his legs. Dream walks over to the bathroom to grab a wet towel and cleans them off efficiently before tossing it and collapsing into bed with them.

He runs a careful hand over the mark on George's cheek and leans in to kiss it.

"Not too rough?" He asks them both, and George hums comfortably.

"Was perfect,"

Sapnap can barely keep his eyes open, but he nods along, "So perfect,"

None of them seem to have any energy for conversation past that, but Sapnap has one last hang up.

"What were you guys fighting about before this?" He asks, and George smothers a laugh into the skin of his chest. Dream groans in exasperation and George cuts him off.

"We were trying to find the best way to ask if you were interested," He admits, fingers tracing patterns on Sapnap's ribcage. "I wanted to jump right in and seduce you but Dream said we should take it slow. Neither of us likes backing down," He adds.

Sapnap feels a giddy laugh bubble out of him, "I kinda got that impression, yeah," and Dream tosses an arm over them both.

"Talk in the morning, sleep now," He whines into George's shoulder, and Sapnap has no arguments with that.

I haven't written anything in like 5 years so I hope yall enjoyed. Wrote this in one night instead of studying for any of my three finals and i got so tired at the end, so hopefully the actual smut delivered and wasn't too short lol. Please leave a comment to let me know if u liked or have any requests!

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